

Will a ghost steer Indy toward hidden gold—
or an early grave?

YOUNG
INDIANA JONES™
and the
PIRATES' LOOT



By J. N. Fox

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YOUNG
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Chapter 1

The Tin Lizzie sped along the road from the train station, whisking away a very unhappy young Indiana Jones. Indy had thought he'd explore Boston while his father, Professor Henry Jones, attended a meeting of historians at Harvard University. Then Helen Seymour had interfered. Miss Seymour had been Indy's tutor during the year when Professor Jones was lecturing all around the world. Now she was on her first visit to America and was staying with the Joneses in their Princeton, New Jersey, home.

Indy knew that Helen Seymour had meant well, but he was furious at her. She had offered to take him with her while she visited her friend Maude Parsons, who lived

on the coast of Maine. Professor Jones had accepted on Indy's behalf without asking him. That was typical of his father.

"Maude is a lovely person," said Miss Seymour as the car bumped along the rough road. "We met years ago at Oxford, in England. She was visiting a family that lived down the lane from us. We were both young girls, looking forward to starting college. What dreams we shared!"

Helen Seymour sighed as she thought of her youth. Indy looked out the window at the black-and-white cows grazing in the rolling pastures. The white farmhouses seemed to shine in the bright June sun.

"Even though I haven't seen Maude in years, Miss Seymour continued, "we have kept in touch with letters. Goodness, who knows how many pages we've filled over the years! Especially since she began working to get women the right to vote."

"I wish I could have stayed in Boston," Indy said without looking at her.

"I'm sure you do," she said. "With the professor busy, who knows what mischief you could have gotten into?"

Mischief! "Mischief" was the way Helen Seymour and his father spelled "fun."

"Yes, Indiana. Mischief." said Miss Seymour. "Anything might have happened to you in that big city. At Maude's you'll be in a safe village. Besides, I think you'll enjoy the experience." Before Indy could protest, Helen Seymour continued, "Did you know Maude's husband was a sea captain?"

Without pausing, she went on. "The poor man was lost at sea. It must have been around 1897." Helen Seymour sighed. "Maude's sons moved to Vermont eight years ago. It will do her a world of good to see an old friend and to have a young boy in the house again."

Indy bristled. He most definitely was not a "young boy" despite what Miss Seymour and his father thought. The car swayed as it turned a corner.

"Look." Miss Seymour said, and pointed to a large white house at the top of a hill. "That must be Sea View."

Sputtering and backfiring, the car lurched up the hill. To the right were rows of apple trees. A flower bed was bursting with color.

Sea View was a two-story white farmhouse with a steep slate roof. A stone path led past a kitchen garden to a small addition on the side of the house. The large red barn, wide doors open, stood a hundred feet beyond the house.

As the car stopped in front of the path, a woman threw open the side door and raced down the path. By the time the woman reached the car, Helen Seymour was waiting for her with open arms.

Indy watched as the two old friends twirled each other around. Tears streamed down their cheeks. Finally, they separated and held each other at arm's length. They laughed through their tears.

Although both women were about the same age, Maude Parsons looked younger. She was thin and had bright green eyes. Her silver hair was pulled back in a bun. A tortoiseshell barrette kept it in place.

"Oh, Helen," Mrs. Parsons said. "You are a sight."

"You've no idea how good it is to see you again, Maude," Miss Seymour answered.

The two laughed and hugged again.

When they separated, Maude Parsons noticed Indy standing near the suitcases.

"And this must be young Henry" she said, smiling at Indy.

He liked her smile. "Most people call me Indy," he told her.

Mrs. Parsons looked the boy in the eye before she said, "Then Indy it is." She nodded toward the man who had driven the car.

"Fletcher will take care of your things. Come into the house."

As the women walked ahead, Indy turned and looked out over the ocean shimmering in the sun. He could see a handful of small islands. A lighthouse was perched on the end of the island closest to the harbor. It was quite a sight. But it wasn't Boston.

When Indy caught up with Miss Seymour and Mrs. Parsons, they were sitting at the kitchen table preparing tea.

"Oh, Helen," Maude Parsons said, "I was sorry to hear about your dreadful experience on the *Titanic*."

Helen Seymour sighed. "It *was* dreadful.

Many lives were lost in those icy waters. But Indiana and I were lucky to be among the ones to survive the tragedy."

Then she saw Indy and said, "Mrs. Parsons has some wonderful news."

"Oh?" Indy said. He was wary of Miss Seymour's notion of "wonderful news."

"Yes, Indy," Mrs. Parsons said, "You will have some company during your visit."

Indy eyed both women.

"My niece, Rachel, is arriving tonight for a visit," Mrs. Parsons said. "She's a bit younger than you, but I'm sure you'll get along."

"It will be simply grand," said Miss Seymour. "You'll have someone to play with."

Indy slumped into a chair. Wasn't it bad enough being stuck with these two women? Now they expected him to be a playmate for a little *girl*. Indy looked out the door at the ocean. He wished he were on a ship bound for China. Or Egypt. Anywhere but here.

"Helen," Maude Parsons said, "there's someone else I'd like you to meet. She's Morag McBride, a dear friend of mine. She was born and raised in the village. In fact,

her father was the last lighthouse keeper. When her mother—a sweet thing—died, I took Morag under my wing, as it were.”

Maude Parsons’s face darkened. “Heaven knows that her father, Owen McBride, turned into a hateful, tightfisted man. Not that he was terribly friendly or generous to begin with. He was always rather quiet. A churchgoing man. Honest and dependable. But he changed after his sainted Elspeth passed away. He took ill four years after she died. Morag nursed the man until he died. It was the year she turned twenty.” Mrs. Parsons lowered her voice. “No one shed any tears when that man left this world.”

Maude Parsons rose to get teacups and saucers. She had just set them on the table when someone appeared in the doorway.

“Ah, Morag,” Maude said to the woman. “There you are. Come in!”

Morag McBride was a tall woman with a sharp face. Indy thought she had the eyes of a hawk. And Indy wondered how she could have ever fit under Maude’s wing. Her shoulders were broad. Her arms were muscular. I wouldn’t want to tackle her on a

football field, he decided. No way!

Mrs. Parsons introduced Indy and Helen Seymour to her friend. *Another* woman! Indy's heart sank lower.

The women sat around the table with cups of steaming tea.

Miss Seymour said, "I understand you're an old friend of Maude's."

"Actually, she's more like a mother or a big sister. She's more than just a friend," Morag McBride answered.

Indy looked at the wall clock. Its pendulum ticked out the minutes far too slowly to suit him.

"When my father died," Morag McBride said, "it was Maude who loaned me the money for school. She convinced me that I needed to leave the village. So I studied in Boston. Now I'm a schoolteacher in New Hampshire. But every summer I return."

Deep in conversation, none of the women noticed when Indy slipped out the back door. He had decided to do some exploring before they bored him to death. He walked down the drive toward the road.

Chapter 2

As Indy walked, he kicked a small rock farther and farther down the road. Every time his toe hit the rock, he wished he were in Boston. He dreaded the next four days.

After fifteen minutes, the road split. The right fork went downhill into the village. The left led into the woods. Hands jammed into his pockets, Indy chose the left fork.

Before long he came upon a weed-choked driveway. Indy could barely see a large house at the end of the drive. It looked abandoned. He crossed the road and walked toward the building.

The house was a wreck. Most of the windows were broken and covered with an X made of old planks. It had been years since

anyone painted the white clapboards. The porch sagged in the center.

Indy walked slowly around the house. He peered into a window. The inside was a shambles. The walls were smashed. Chunks of plaster were piled on the floor. Some of the floorboards had been ripped up.

Suddenly Indy felt a hand grip his shoulder. He spun around to face a man wearing work pants and a worn blue sweater. A scar ran under the man's left eye.

What do you think you're doing?" the man demanded. He glared at Indy.

Indy shrugged. "Just a little exploring."

The man's face darkened. "I think you'd better mind your own business, sonny," he growled. "This is no place for a kid."

The man squeezed Indy's shoulder and gave him a shove. Then he turned and disappeared down a path into the woods.

Indy rubbed his shoulder. What's none of my business? he wondered. He smiled grimly. It was worth looking into. He'd start with some questions for Maude Parsons.

Indy was almost out of the front yard and on the driveway when he heard a soft, eerie

voice call to him, "Will you help me?"

Startled, he turned to look at the house. No one was on the porch, Then Indy noticed the empty porch swing. It was moving slowly back and forth. The hair on the back of his neck rose. There was no wind to move the swing.

The voice called again, "Will you help me?"

Indy walked slowly back to the porch. As he reached the steps, the figure of a young girl wearing a white linen dress appeared on the swing. She had short black hair and dark eyes. Her pale face was sad.

"Will you help me?" she asked again.

Indy stammered, "I—I—I'll try. But what do you want me to do?"

"Find my father," said the girl. Or the ghost of a girl.

"Your father? What's his name?" asked Indy.

"Ezra Chase," she answered.

"What happened to him?" Indy asked.

Instead of answering Indy, she crossed the porch as softly as a breeze. She stood in front of him. Suddenly, she grabbed his

hand and begged, "Find my father."

A chill rocketed through Indy. He wanted to pull his hand from her cold grasp, but he couldn't. The ghost abruptly let go and walked back to the swing. She sat, and the swing slowly moved. Gradually, the girl faded away.: The empty swing stopped moving.

Indy rubbed his eyes. Was he imagining things? But the chill of her grip still lingered on his hand. Could she be real?

Back at Maude Parsons's house, Indy wondered about what he had seen. He was determined not to tell anybody about it. How could he expect anyone to believe him? He wasn't even sure he believed what he'd seen himself.

"Where were you?" Miss Seymour asked Indy.

"Exploring some wrecked house down the road," Indy said.

"That wreck is where I used to live," Morag McBride said bitterly. "It was my *home*—not a place for boys to explore."

"Well, I wasn't the only one exploring," responded Indy.

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Parsons asked.

"Some guy tried to chase me off," said Indy.

The women looked at each other.

Morag McBride said, "A man?"

Indy nodded. "He was a tall guy with a scar under his eye."

"That's Charlie Franklin." said Miss McBride. "He was our caretaker. My father was the lighthouse keeper. We always needed extra help around the house. Father spent most of his time on Eagle Island. When he grew ill, I was glad to have Charlie's help. She looked into her empty tea-cup. "He still lives around here, doesn't he, Maude?"

Maude Parsons nodded. "I see him in the village from time to time."

"Well, what was eating him?" Indy wanted to know. "I was just looking around."

"Charlie became very protective of our house," said Miss McBride. "Especially after all those stories about Father broke out."

"What kind of stories?" Indy asked.

"Now, Indiana," Helen Seymour said, "it's not proper to pry."

Morag McBride smiled. "Oh, it's all right, Helen. I'd rather he hear the story from me.

It's all quite simple," she said. "And silly, There are some people who believe that Father died a wealthy man." The slight smile on her lips vanished. "Of course, that's all nonsense. If Father had money, I certainly didn't see any of it."

But what happened to the house?" Indy asked.

"People believed he had hidden money in the house. They tore up the floorboards and ripped open walls. They were looking for the so-called McBride fortune. The house is such a mess, I can't sell it now, even though I could use the money." Morag McBride sighed. "No, all Father left me was a pile of unpaid bills and a ring of old keys."

In the silence that followed Morag McBride's story, Indy thought about the fortune everyone thought Owen McBride had had when he died. And the ghost he had seen at the old house. Maybe his visit to Maine might turn out to be interesting after all.

Chapter 3

Early the next morning Indy found Maude Parsons sitting in the kitchen, cutting a loaf of homemade bread.

“You know, you remind me of my sons when they were your age,” she said, giving Indy a thick slice of bread.

And there was something about Maude Parsons that reminded Indy of his mother. Her smile perhaps. Things certainly had changed after his mother died.

“Miss Seymour told me your sons are in Vermont,” Indy said.

“Daniel is a doctor, and Benjamin’s a teacher. They live near Burlington.”

“And I remind you of them?” Indy asked.

He spread blueberry jam on his bread.

Mrs. Parsons nodded. "Particularly of Benjamin. He's the... adventurous one."

Indy looked away, flushing slightly.

"No need to be embarrassed, Indy. I'm sure getting stuck in a house with three ladies *and* a girl isn't much fun."

"I almost forgot about your niece," Indy said. "Is she here yet?"

"Oh, she's out and about," said Mrs. Parsons. "She arrived late last night."

Indy heard Helen Seymour coming down the stairs. He stood and caught Maude Parsons's gaze.

"It's all right, Indy. You can go," she said.

"Thanks," he said. "It's just that I want to do a little more exploring."

"Take the path by Farley's store. You'll get a great view of the lighthouse. But don't be gone too long: I want you to meet Rachel. She may surprise you."

As he hurried down the driveway, Indy tried to imagine how a girl could possibly surprise him. But he knew one thing. Maude Parsons *did* surprise him. She understood how he felt about his visit to

Maine. His mom used to understand him, too.

Indy headed down the road, bearing right at the fork, toward the village. As Mrs. Parsons had said, there was a wooded path just before he reached Farley's. Indy followed it.

The path ended at the rocky coast. Indy stood on the huge hunks of rock and felt the sun warm his face. A slight breeze blew in off the water. Indy squinted and shaded his eyes with his hand as he looked out at Eagle Island.

Indy guessed that the island was about a mile offshore. Even from that distance, he could see there wasn't much to it. It looked like a large whale stuck in shallow water. A few stands of pines grew on the western end. The lighthouse stood on the eastern tip. There was nothing else except rocks.

"Captain Kidd buried treasure out there." The girlish voice seemed to come from nowhere.

Indy froze. Not again! he thought as he turned and saw nobody. Suddenly a thin girl with blond hair and bright green eyes swung down from a tree limb.

"At least, that's what they say. I'm Rachel," she announced. "You must be Henry."

"I prefer to be called Indy," he said. He was annoyed at the newcomer. But at least she wasn't a ghost.

Rachel shrugged. "Sure. Hi, Indy."

Indy turned and looked back out at Eagle Island.

"Do you know about Captain Kidd," Rachel asked.

"No," Indy said. He was trying his best not to get hooked.

Rachel grinned. "Then you're in luck."

"What do you mean?" asked Indy.

"Just that I can tell you whatever you want to know about pirates," she said.

Indy sighed. "Great," he said without enthusiasm, although "pirates" was the single most interesting word anyone had spoken since he arrived. He wanted to hear stories of pirates and buried treasure—even if they came from a girl.

"Did you know that Captain Kidd became a pirate by accident?" asked Rachel.

"By accident?" Indy snorted. "How can you become a pirate by accident?"

“Well, in the 1690s Kidd worked out of New York City as a shipmaster. He was an honest man. Even had a wife and kids. Anyway, pirates were having a field day raiding British ships. The governor asked Kidd if he would go after them. There was no money to pay a crew, so they made a deal. Kidd was allowed to keep a quarter of whatever he recovered to pay his sailors.”

“But how did he become a pirate?”

“The governor gave him a ship, the *Adventure Galley*, with thirty-four cannons. Kidd and his crew of tough guys went looking for pirates. But they had a hard time finding any. The crew was getting impatient. They were ready to mutiny. They were ready to attack any ship.”

“What happened?” asked Indy.

“They finally came across a wrecked French ship. Since England was at war with France, the ship was fair game. Kidd took all the gold and treasure he could. But that still didn’t satisfy the crew. Finally, Kidd gave in to them.”

“That’s how he started pirating?” said Indy.

Yup. And it worked for a while—until he raided two ships owned by the emperor of India. Luckily for Kidd, he found papers that said the ships were trading with France. So he *thought* that was okay,”

“What do you mean?” Indy asked.

“The governor double-crossed him when Kidd came to Boston. He arrested Kidd and sent him to England. He promised that the French papers would be sent with him. They weren’t. Kidd was convicted of piracy.”

“Then what happened?” asked Indy.

“He was...hanged,” she finally said.
“Three times!”

“Three times?”

“Yup. The first time, the rope broke. So they hanged him again. They covered his dead body with tar and hung it at the harbor. It was a warning to anyone who thought pirating would make them rich.”

The grisly image of Kidd’s body hung in Indy’s imagination. He looked at Eagle Island.

“You’re wondering about the buried treasure, aren’t you?” Rachel said.

Indy blushed. He was indeed thinking

about buried treasure. "Do you think Captain Kidd really buried treasure on the island?" he asked.

"I'm not sure. But it's possible. They say that Kidd buried his loot in too many places to count. So did Blackbeard. In fact, Blackbeard was supposed to have buried some of his treasure on the Isles of Shoals. That's only about ten miles off the coast, near Portsmouth."

"How come you know so much about pirates?" Indy asked.

"I read a lot. It's like a hobby for me. Some girls collect dolls. I collect stories about pirates and buried treasure. Auntie Maude's library in Sea View has a bunch of books about pirates. Come on, I'll show you."

The two hurried back to Sea View. Mrs. Parsons and Miss Seymour were working in the flower bed. They waved to Indy and Rachel, then turned to each other and smiled.

"I see that the youngsters have met each other, said Miss Seymour.

"And it looks as if they're getting along

famously,” said Mrs. Parsons with a smile.

In the library, Rachel walked over to a section of bookshelves near the fireplace.

“Here they are,” she said. “These are the books I was telling you about.”

She looked at the titles and pulled out a thick book with a black cover. She carried it to the table and opened it.

“This chapter is about Captain Kidd,” she said.

Indy thumbed through the pages until he came to a map of Eagle Island. His eyes widened.

“I have a great idea,” Rachel said.

“What?” Indy mumbled without taking his eyes off the map.

“Let’s go to Eagle Island!”

Indy looked up from the map and grinned. Maybe Rachel wasn’t so bad—for a girl, anyway.

Chapter 4

At lunch, Maude Parsons asked what Indy and Rachel had planned. Before Indy could speak, Rachel said, "Exploring."

Indy saw Helen Seymour's eyebrows rise. When Indy and Rachel were at the end of the drive, Rachel said, "I have the feeling that Miss Seymour doesn't trust you."

Indy laughed. "Let's just say that we don't always see eye to eye."

"Auntie Maude is pretty understanding," Rachel said. "That's why I like visiting here."

"You're lucky," Indy said as they arrived at the dock.

He followed Rachel down the wooden ramp to a small boat moored in one of the slips. Rachel peeled back the canvas cover

of a dark green fifteen-foot skiff. It had an outboard motor mounted on the stern.

"Whose boat is this?" Indy asked.

"Auntie Maude's. One of her sons convinced her to get an outboard. He thought Fletcher could take her to some of the small islands for bird-watching."

"Does she use it?" asked Indy.

Rachel shook her head. "She's scared of it. The motor's too newfangled for her."

Indy helped Rachel fold up the boat's canvas covering. She stuffed it into a small wooden crate. PARSONS was stenciled on the side of the boat in black letters. Rachel checked the motor for fuel.

You know how to run this?" Indy asked.

"You bet," she said.

Indy watched as Rachel readied the boat. He never would have suspected that she could handle an outboard motor.

Suddenly, Rachel stopped and looked around.

"What's the matter?" Indy asked.

"I don't know," she said softly. "Do you ever get the feeling that somebody's watching you?"

"Yeah," Indy said. "And it's usually Helen Seymour."

Rachel didn't laugh. Instead, she said. "No, I mean it."

"You think somebody's watching us now?" Indy asked. He scanned the buildings around the waterfront.

She shrugged. "I don't know. It's just a feeling. Probably my imagination. Climb aboard."

As Indy stepped into the skiff, he saw a quick flash of light on Eagle Island, like the sun bouncing off a shiny object. Then a flash of blue. Then nothing. He decided not to tell Rachel. Maybe they were both imagining things.

The outboard motor sputtered to life after a few tugs on the rope. Rachel kept her hand on the tiller to steer. The boat slowly chugged out of the harbor.

"Miss McBride's father was the lighthouse keeper?" Indy yelled. It was hard to talk above the racket that the motor made.

Rachel gave a quick nod. "But that's only part of the story," she said. Her eyes were on the red buoy that bobbed in the water

ahead. The buoy marked the mouth of the harbor. When they had cleared it, Rachel relaxed her grip on the tiller. "Here's what I know about Owen McBride," she said.

"One afternoon in about 1880, a stranger wandered into the village with his young daughter. The man was looking for work. He'd been traveling up and down the New England coast searching for pirate loot. But he never found any. He wore a gold hoop earring. He claimed he'd had it made from a Spanish doubloon he found off Cape Cod. Anyway, with Owen at the lighthouse so much of the time, Mrs. McBride needed help around the house. She hired the stranger."

"What was his name?" Indy asked.

"Ezra Chase," said Rachel calmly.

A charge passed through Indy. Ezra Chase! The father of the young ghost he had met at the McBride place!

Rachel continued her tale. "When Chase finished working at the Mcrides' for the day—feeding the chickens and cows, tilling the garden, mending whatever needed mending—he'd sit around Farley's store tell-

ing stories. He used to play a small accordion.

"Most of the people in the village thought Chase was sort of a strange guy," Rachel continued. "But they liked him. And he was kind to Hannah, his little girl. Of course, nobody thought it was proper for a child to go from one place to another without anywhere to call home. But the girl clearly loved her father."

"How do you know all this?" Indy asked. "It happened long before you were born."

Rachel smiled in the bright sun. "I'm a good listener. Once you get the right people talking, there's no stopping them. Plus, a lot of this stuff is in books and journals at the historical society."

The boat slapped the water. Rachel tightened her grip on the tiller. Then she told Indy more about Ezra Chase.

"Chase seemed happy living in the McBride house and working for the family. He could look for treasure every now and then with his daughter and Morag—Miss McBride. He claimed he had a map. Miss McBride says he was probably pretending.

A few times he went to Eagle Island with Owen McBride to talk about pirates' treasure and play checkers.

"McBride wanted to be Chase's friend. He offered to help search, since he knew the area well, but Chase said he didn't need a partner."

"Elsbeth McBride—Morag McBride's mother—took a strong liking to Hannah, who was three years younger than Morag. Mrs. McBride treated Hannah like a second daughter. And I guess Miss McBride was like a big sister. Auntie Maude says it was the first time young Hannah had felt the love of a mother. She enjoyed being with Morag and Mrs. McBride, said Rachel. "Being at the McBrides' was the closest she'd ever gotten to having a real home. The sad thing is that Mrs. McBride died two years later. She fell from a horse. Both girls mourned the loss. And Owen McBride really took her death hard."

"What do you mean?" Indy asked.

"He became a different person. Silent as a clam. He hardly said a word, even to his daughter. He stopped seeing his friends in

village. He didn't go out much. And he stopped inviting visitors to the lighthouse."

"It sounds like Mrs. McBride's death was rough on everybody," Indy said.

"That wasn't all!" said Rachel. "More bad luck cursed the McBride house."

"What do you mean?" asked Indy. "The following spring Ezra Chase disappeared. He just vanished. A total mystery. The week after that, Mr. McBride quit working at the lighthouse. He locked it up, and from that day on, he wouldn't let any one go in there. He told people that his rich aunt in Boston had left him some money. But a lot of the people in the village didn't believe a word of that. They thought Chase had found the treasure and—"

"—McBride had killed him for the map and kept the treasure," said Indy.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," said Rachel.

"Did they ever find the treasure?" asked Indy.

"That's the funny part. They never found a thing. No treasure. No map."

"What happened to Hannah?"

"She was sure her father would return, He never did. She had been very happy While Mrs. McBride and her father were alive. But Mr. McBride was no substitute for them. Church elders thought it best if she lived in a home with two parents, so she moved in with the Comstock family. Miss McBride says she told Hannah that her father would return, but the girl was never happy again. Two years later, during an unusually snowy winter, she caught pneumonia and died. Mrs. Comstock was sure she died of a broken heart."

As they approached Eagle Island, Rachel cut back on the throttle. She carefully steered toward the beach.

"Some say they've spotted the girl's ghost," she said. "If you can believe that."

"You don't believe in ghosts?" Indy asked.

Rachel turned toward Indy and snickered. "Not until I see one with my own two eyes."

Indy wondered. Could the girl he had seen at the McBride house really be the ghost of Hannah Chase? She had to be!

Chapter 5

Indy and Rachel dragged the skiff up the beach.

"The tide's coming in," Rachel said. "Let's make sure the boat's away from the water."

Indy looked up. Dark clouds had edged out half the blue sky.

"Where'd those clouds come from?"

"Happens a lot on the coast. Maybe the storm will stay out to sea," Rachel said.

They walked to the base of the rocky cliffs. The lighthouse stood high at the top.

"How'd anybody get up there?" asked Indy.

"There used to be wooden steps somewhere around here. But they're long gone."

Indy looked up at the rocks.

"We should be able to climb them," he said, and started up the rough cliff. But then he saw something that made him stop short. It was long and slimy and appeared to be slithering out of a nearby tidal pool.

"A snake!" Indy hissed.

Rachel laughed. "That's just a branch," she said, kicking it out of the water. "See?"

Indy swallowed. "I *hate* snakes."

"Don't worry. There are no poisonous snakes in Maine."

It's not the 'poisonous' part I hate. It's the 'snake part,' Indy admitted. "But let's go!"

They began the climb. As they carefully picked their way from rock to rock, Rachel talked about Eagle Island.

"This place got its name from the eagles that used to nest in its trees...before a tremendous storm some years back. Now the really tall trees are gone; no more eagles nest on the island. But there are still plenty of them along the coast."

As Rachel talked about Eagle Island, Indy's mind wandered to the story about Ezra Chase and his daughter, Hannah. He couldn't help but see the ghost girl's sad

eyes as she begged him to find her father. And Indy had promised to try. But how? How could he possibly find a man who'd been missing so many years? Yet, he was haunted by Hannah's eyes. Maybe—

Indy didn't get a chance to finish his thought Rachel yelled, "Look out!" and yanked him from the rock he was climbing. They had barely squeezed into a safe crevice when a torrent of rocks and boulders crashed past them. Rachel buried her face in Indy's shoulder until the final rock fell.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Except for this," Rachel said, and touched a scrape on his cheek.

Indy wiped away a trace of blood.

"Better than snakes," he said and grinned.

Rachel laughed. Indy poked his head out of the crevice.

"All clear," he said.

"Maybe we'd better wait," she cautioned.

Indy looked at some of the fallen rocks.

"I suppose they could have just come down...on their own," he said.

"It's possible. Except..."

"Except what?" Indy said.

"Before they fell, I thought I saw..."

"What did you see, Rachel? Tell me."

"I'm not sure. It was only a blue blur."

Indy looked across the water at the dock and remembered what he thought he had seen on the island.

"What're you thinking, Indy?"

"Remember at the dock, you said you had the feeling somebody was watching you?"

"Yeah. But you didn't have that feeling."

"I didn't," Indy said. "But I did see something on the island. Just for a split second"

"Let me guess," Rachel said. "It was blue."

"Right."

They were silent for a minute.

"Let's go," Indy said.

The top of the cliff was only a few feet away. Indy started the last part of the climb, with Rachel right behind him.

"Take a look at these," Rachel said. The soft, damp ground at the top was covered with footprints.

"They look fresh," Indy said.

Then he noticed a strand of bright blue wool, about four inches long, hanging from

the branch of a bush near the edge of the cliff. Indy pulled the thread from the bush.

"Our first real clue, Rachel."

"Clue to what?" she asked.

"To whoever wants to keep us off this island," Indy answered.

"I was afraid you were going to say that," she said, looking at the thread. "But why?"

Indy shrugged. "First, we have to find out who this belongs to." He shoved the thread into his shirt pocket and looked around the island. "He couldn't have gotten too far."

"But if he knows the island better than we do, we'll never find him," said Rachel.

"There are caves all over the place."

"You're right. I doubt that he'll try anything again. But keep your eyes open."

"*Wide* open," Rachel agreed.

"Let's take a look at the lighthouse." Indy suggested, and started off toward it.

The lighthouse was a four-sided wooden building, painted white. It was wider at the base than at the top. A rickety staircase wrapped around it and led to the lantern room. There were small windows on opposite sides of the building. The large door at

the lighthouse's base was secured with a heavy padlock.

"I'd love to get in there," Indy said.

"Me, too." agreed Rachel.

"You know," he said, as they began to explore around the lighthouse, "we could be walking over the spot where some pirate buried his loot."

Rachel grinned. "I know."

They walked on in silence. Indy thought about how Rachel had saved him from the rock slide. He decided to risk trusting her. Taking a deep breath, he told Rachel about his run-in with gruff Charlie Franklin.

"He's got some nerve," she said.

"There's more," said Indy. He hoped she wouldn't make fun of him.

Slowly he told her about speaking to the ghost of Hannah Chase.

"You *saw* her?" asked Rachel.

Indy nodded. "Do you believe me?"

Rachel saw the serious look in Indy's eyes. She nodded. "I believe you, Indy. Let me help you find Ezra Chase."

"Sure," he said. "But where do we start?"

Just then, a loud clap of thunder made

them look up at the dark sky in alarm.

"I don't know," said Rachel. "But we'd better get back to Sea View now."

They ran back to the cliffs and scrambled down to the beach. Then they dragged the boat to the water and climbed in. Rachel yanked the cord, and the motor started.

The stiff wind blew against their faces as the boat bounced on the whitecaps. Rain had begun to pelt down. Indy gripped the sides of the boat. Rachel needed two hands to keep the tiller steady.

They were halfway to shore when Indy noticed water flowing into the bottom of the boat.

"Bail!" Rachel yelled. She tossed Indy a tin can from under one of the seats. He began quickly scooping out the water.

As Indy bailed, he noticed that the caulking in the hull had been pulled loose in spots. Too many spots for the looseness to be an accident.

"Rachel," hollered Indy over the roar of the wind and the racket of the motor, "this boat has been sabotaged!"

"Sabotaged?" Rachel shouted. "Just keep

bailing! I think we're almost there."

Indy did the best he could. The boat seemed to be inching closer to shore, fighting against the wind and tide. He guessed that they were only fifty yards from the mainland, but the rain made it difficult to see clearly. Then Indy realized he couldn't keep up with the water. It was pouring into the boat too fast.

"It's no use!" he shouted. "We have to jump overboard and swim to shore."

"Abandon Auntie Maude's boat? Do we have to?" Rachel asked.

"Afraid so," Indy shouted. "Come on!" Rachel cut the motor and took one last look at her aunt's boat. Indy helped her jump over the side. Then he plunged into the ice-cold water after her.

The rain poured down on the swimmers. Side by side they struggled in the pounding surf. Indy managed to keep them headed toward shore. Finally, their feet touched bottom. They staggered up the beach and collapsed on the sand, gasping for breath.

"Still...better than snakes," Indy muttered as the rain hammered his tired body.

Chapter 6

The morning sun warmed Indy as he lay in bed. He recalled the worried look on Helen Seymour's face when he and Rachel got back to the house. Surprisingly, she hadn't been angry. Instead, she was relieved that they were safe—sopping wet, but safe.

Maude Parsons had grown pale when she saw the state they were in. "It is foolish to take chances with the sea," she said. And later, when she came to check on Indy in bed, she put a hand on his forehead and said softly, "I lost the one man I loved to the sea. I don't want to lose anyone else."

When Indy came down for breakfast, things had changed—at least with Miss Seymour. *Now* she was angry.

"How can you be so careless, Henry? What would your father say?" Before Indy could say a word, she went on. "I'll tell you what he would say. He'd say, Where is your common sense, Junior? Don't you think before you go off on your so-called adventures?" I can hear him now."

So could Indy. Neither Miss Seymour nor Professor Jones seemed to realize that Indy had an adventurous streak. It ran through him like gold through a mountainside. He couldn't stand just sitting around. Especially when something like pirates' treasure was involved. He had to find out as much about it as he could.

By the time Rachel and Indy walked down to the dock, Ethan Chambers, one of the local fishermen, had rescued the skiff. It rested upside down on two sawhorses.

"She's a solid old tub," Ethan said as he helped them flip the boat upright. "A little caulking and she'll be right as rain." He laid out some lengths of caulking and a hammer. "Lady Luck was smiling on you two," he said as he left.

"He's right," Rachel said.

Indy looked out at Eagle Island. "I suppose."

"Were you scared?" she asked quietly.

"Maybe a little," Indy said with a shrug.

"When those rocks nearly brained us. How about you?"

"Coming back. When the boat started leaking, I thought maybe..."

She left her thought unfinished. But Indy knew what she was thinking.

"But we made it," Indy said.

"Because we looked out for each other."

Indy hated to think that he needed a girl to look out for him. But he could still hear the rocks thundering by after Rachel had pulled him to safety.

"Can we fix this boat?" he asked.

"Sure."

Indy picked up a piece of caulking. "What are you supposed to do with this?"

"That's oakum. It's really hemp with some pine tar added. You're supposed to jam it between the planks in the hull. Like this."

Rachel took the hammer and climbed into the boat. She worked the hemp into place with her fingers. Then she tapped it

lightly with the pointed end of the caulking hammer until it fit snugly.

"Is this another of your hobbies?" Indy asked.

Nope. My father and my uncle run a lobster boat and they let me help out."

"Can I try it?" Indy asked.

"Sure."

As Indy worked the oakum into a crack, Rachel pointed to a small clapboard building at the far end of the dock and said, "That was the original caulking shed. In bad weather the caulkers would sit in there around the stove, picking bark out of the oakum and telling stories."

Indy looked over at the building. "I bet they told some doozies."

"You're right. Some of them are recorded in the journals at the historical society."

Together they repaired the boat. The sun grew hotter. Finally Rachel said, "This whole thing is a puzzle. I mean, why would somebody try to do us in like that?"

"That's no puzzle," Indy said. "They want to stop us."

"Stop us from doing what?"

"That's the puzzle."

Rachel put down her tools and looked at Indy.

"Let's try to figure this out," she said. "First of all, you meet up with that spooky Charlie Franklin. He tells you to quit nosing around."

"Right. Then I see Hannah Chase's ghost."

"And she asks you to find her father."

"Only he's been dead for thirty years."

Indy's eyes widened. "Maybe that's it! Maybe that's the connection."

"What?"

"Ezra Chase and his treasure. You said that Owen McBride quit as lighthouse keeper when he came into a lot of money."

"You think he found the treasure?" Rachel asked.

"Could be."

"But where is it?" Rachel asked. "People have nearly torn the house apart looking for it. Nobody's found a nickel."

"Then it must be someplace else..."

Indy and Rachel both turned to look at Eagle Island.

"Out there?" Indy asked.

Rachel snapped her fingers. "Maybe it's time for us to visit the historical society." In a flash, she was leading Indy toward it.

The historical society was housed in two small rooms behind the dry-goods store. Indy and Rachel entered the outer room. It was filled with thick leather-bound books. In a corner near one window sat a small desk. File cards were stacked on it. An overstuffed chair stood between the two windows. Newspapers were piled on the floor between the door and a wooden file cabinet. There was no one in the room.

"Mrs. Payne," Rachel called.

A voice from the adjoining room almost sang, "Hello."

Indy and Rachel hurried into the second room.

"Hi, Mrs. Payne," Rachel said. "This is my friend Indy."

A birdlike woman with gray hair and thin wire-rimmed glasses smiled. "Hello, Rachel dear. Hello, Indy. My, what an unusual name. I once had a friend named Lindy, but that was some years ago."

"Can we look at your books on Eagle Island?" Indy asked.

"Certainly. We have a number of excellent books. In fact," Mrs. Payne added, "they are already out on the table."

"Were you expecting us?" Rachel asked.

"Oh, no, child. Someone else was just here looking at them."

Who?" Indy and Rachel asked.

Mrs. Payne looked around the room carefully, as if to make sure no one would overhear her.

"Charlie Franklin was here," she said. "A rather disagreeable man, if you ask me."

Indy and Rachel looked at each other.

"Thanks, Mrs. Payne," Rachel said. "Well take a look at these."

"Let me know if you children need anything else," Mrs. Payne said as she left the room.

"Charlie Franklin," Rachel whispered.

Indy nodded. "It looks like another link between Owen McBride and Ezra Chase's treasure."

Chapter 7

Indy and Rachel paged through the books, But there was no mention of Ezra Chase, Owen McBride, or the treasure.

"Maybe it's time to try something new, Indy said, shoving aside a stack of books.

"I'm game, Indy." Rachel sighed.

"Well then, why don't we do some real detective work?" he asked.

"*Real* detective work?"

"Look," said Indy, "the only thing we know for sure is that Charlie Franklin is somehow connected with this treasure."

"*And* that he doesn't want you nosing around."

"Right. So suppose we spy on him and see what he's up to."

"But we don't know where he lives. And if we ask Auntie Maude or Miss McBride, they might be suspicious."

Indy grinned. "Don't worry."

He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet.

"Call Mrs. Payne," he whispered.

Rachel gave her friend a puzzled frown, then called for Mrs. Payne.

"Mrs. Payne," Indy said, "I found this wallet on the table. The card inside says it belongs to Charlie Franklin. But there's no address. Do you know where he lives?"

Mrs. Payne frowned. "He lives in a shack on North Road," she said. "It's about a mile past the old McBride place."

"Thanks," said Indy. "We'll be sure to bring his wallet back to him."

"Don't expect that old buzzard to be grateful," Mrs. Payne warned. "His sort never is."

"He's been around here for a long time, hasn't he?" asked Rachel.

Mrs. Payne sighed. "Lord, yes. But were he to leave town. well, I wouldn't be a bit sorry."

Indy asked, "Why's that?"

"Dear," she said, "there are people who make a real effort to be part of a community. Then there are folks like Charlie Franklin. They're always looking for something for nothing."

"We'd better be leaving," Indy said. "Nice guy or not, we should return his wallet."

Mrs. Payne walked them to the door. "Remember what I said about a thank-you. Don't get your hopes up," she said.

When they were back on the road, Rachel said, "Boy, that was a sneaky trick." "Thanks," Indy said with a grin. "I remembered it from a mystery I read."

"So now we know where he lives," Rachel said.

"Right. We should watch him tonight. Who knows what we might find out?"

"Good idea."

On the way home, Indy and Rachel talked about their plan for sneaking out that night and spying on Charlie Franklin.

"It's easy as pie," Rachel explained. "I'm an expert at sneaking out. Trust me."

"Let's start out when that old grandfather

clock at the end of the hall strikes ten.”

“Okay,” Rachel said as they started up the drive to the house. “We can meet by the back door.”

The women were in the kitchen preparing dinner. Helen Seymour was peeling carrots. Morag McBride was cutting potatoes into cubes. And Maude Parsons was sticking cloves into a small ham.

“Where have you two been?” Mrs. Parsons asked with a smile.

“At the historical society,” Indy said.

“Oh?” Miss Seymour arched an eyebrow. “Yup,” he said, sliding into one of the chairs. “I wanted to find out more about the treasure that Captain Kidd was supposed to have buried around here.”

“Do you hope to find it?” Miss Seymour asked.

“You never know,” he replied with a grin.

“And, Miss McBride,” Rachel said, “we saw a very old picture of your house.”

Without turning, Morag McBride said, “Before people destroyed it.”

The room was silent for a moment. Miss McBride turned and said, “I’m sorry if I

sound bitter. But it breaks my heart to see what people have done to that house.”

“Of course you’re upset, dear,” Mrs. Parsons said kindly.

“Every time I go back and see that house, it makes me ill.”

“Would you like to move back here?” Indy asked.

“Oh, it’s not that, Indy. My life is pretty well settled in Concord. But I would like to be able to sell the house.”

“Can’t you sell it?” Rachel asked.

Miss McBride snickered. “Would *you* buy it?”

“No, I guess it’s too messed up,” Rachel answered.

“Indeed, it is,” said her aunt.

“Oh, I’m not ready to give it up,” Miss McBride said. Scorn was creeping into her voice. “Even though...”

“What is it, dear?” Mrs. Parsons asked.

“It’s just that...I’ve had some financial setbacks lately, and...”

“You know I would lend you money,” her friend told her.

"I promised myself that I'd not borrow another cent from you."

"But—"

"No, Maude," Miss McBride said firmly. "No more. I will take care of it myself."

The room was quiet. For a while the only sounds were those of the women preparing the meal: the chopping of the knife against the maple cutting board; the rattle of a pot.

Then Indy said, "Oh, Miss McBride, we ran into Charlie Franklin. At the historical society."

Morag McBride stopped chopping and turned to Indy. "At the historical society?"

"Well, we didn't actually run into him," Rachel said. "But Mrs. Payne said he'd been there right before us."

"What in the world was he doing there?" Miss McBride asked.

Indy shrugged. "Mrs. Payne said he was looking up books about Eagle Island."

"Really?" Miss McBride said. Her eyes narrowed. Then, almost to herself, she said: "I wonder what he's up to."

Chapter 8

That night Indy waited anxiously in bed. He was fully clothed, with the covers pulled up to his chin. He listened to the tick of the grandfather clock at the end of the hall. The minutes seemed so long.

Indy hoped they'd turn up some useful information. Something fishy was definitely going on. There were too many unanswered questions. Why *had* Charlie Franklin tried to scare him off? Was there a connection between Franklin and the treasure? And he certainly didn't seem like the sort of guy who'd spend time at the historical society!

The clock finally chimed the hour. When Indy had counted ten muffled bongs, he threw back the covers and slid out of bed.

Picking up his shoes, he tiptoed to the door and pulled it open a crack. The hallway was empty, and the door to Miss Seymour's room was closed. Quickly Indy stepped into the hall and closed the door behind him. He inched toward the stairs.

Indy's foot was already on the first step when he saw Rachel walking toward him. They grinned at each other. When Rachel put her finger to her lips, Indy nodded.

Halfway down the stairs they froze. Indy thought he heard a muffled step in another part of the house. He looked at Rachel, who whispered, "What was that?"

The sound wasn't repeated, and Indy shook his head. They walked softly to the bottom of the stairs, both remembering to skip the squeaky last step.

In another minute they were out the back door and into the cool night air. The moon was full and bright. A few clouds sailed by. Sitting on the wall of the kitchen garden, they quickly laced their shoes.

"Are you ready?" Rachel asked.

"Yeah," Indy answered, and they started down the drive.

Neither said another word until they were well away from the house.

What do you think we're going to find? Rachel asked.

"I'm not sure. Maybe some answers," said Indy.

"But what are the questions?" asked Rachel.

"Well, first of all, *was* there a treasure? And second, did Owen McBride find it?"

"Miss McBride claims that her father didn't leave her a cent," said Rachel.

"I know," Indy said as they turned onto North Road. "But maybe he found it and didn't want to tell her."

"She could sure use the money now."

"Yeah. It's too bad that she was never able to sell her house," said Indy. "She's had some hard luck. I'll bet her mother was kind and generous: She took in Hannah Chase. And it must have been awful for Miss McBride when Hannah died, too—"

Suddenly Indy grabbed Rachel's elbow and stopped in his tracks. They were in front of the McBride house.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Shhh," Indy hissed, and pointed at the house.

A faint light flickered in the downstairs windows. Indy and Rachel traded looks.

"Come on," Indy said.

Crouching low, they hurried up the drive, staying in the shadows as much as possible. They moved over to a clump of trees by the side of the house. From there they could see through the wide chinks between the window boards. Something glowing was moving slowly from room to room.

BANG! THUMP! It sounded as if somebody was hitting the wall with a hammer. And every now and then they heard the shriek of nails being yanked out of a board.

"Who's in there?" Rachel whispered.

"Probably another treasure hunter."

"Remember that feeling I had yesterday morning on the dock?" Rachel asked.

"Yeah?"

"Well, I'm getting it again," she said.

"I hate it when you get that feeling."

"You think I like it?" Rachel asked.

Indy scanned the area. "This time I don't see anything."

"Me neither."

They turned back to the McBride house.

I'd love to know who that is," Rachel said.

"Let's find out. Come on." Indy ran through the moonlit yard to the shadows at the side of the house. He turned to see if Rachel had followed. She had—but halfway to the house, she tripped on a stone. She went sprawling in the dried pine needles.

Indy listened in horror as Rachel let out a small scream.

"Sorry," she whispered.

Indy's eyes went wide. The noise from the house had stopped. In a flash, he ran over to Rachel and dragged her to her feet. Together they ran to the side of the house and crouched behind a bush.

They held their breath. Footsteps in the house were coming to the window nearest them. After a brief pause the footsteps moved on to another window. And another. Then Indy and Rachel heard the treasure hunter get back to work.

"Next time you want to get noticed,"

Indy hissed, "why don't you just go and knock on the front door?"

"Maybe I will," Rachel said, brushing dirt from the front of her clothes.

"Come on," he said. He crept along the side of the house. Rachel followed.

Slowly Indy rose to peer in the window. On the wall of the far room, he saw a large shadow. It looked like a man's shadow, and he seemed to be holding something.

"Who is it?" Rachel whispered.

"I can't tell. He's in the next room."

Again, Indy and Rachel moved in the darkness along the side of the house. Indy peeked in the next window and saw a parlor with a large stone fireplace and wide brick hearth. The flame of a hurricane lamp flickered on the mantel. A tall man stood by the light. His head was bent over a large sheet of paper. He looked up at the wall next to the fireplace, and then counted off six paces. The man turned, squinting in the dim light. It was Charlie Franklin!

Indy dropped away from the window. He motioned for Rachel to follow him. When

they were safely concealed in the woods, Rachel asked, "well, who is it?"

"It's Charlie Franklin," whispered Indy. "He was looking at a big sheet of paper. Probably blueprints for the house. He was nosing around near the fireplace."

"I guess that settles one thing."

"Yeah. He sure seems convinced that Owen McBride found a treasure," said Indy.

"I wonder what Miss McBride would say about her old handyman now?"

They both looked back at the McBride house.

"Now what?" Rachel asked.

"Let's go to Charlie's house."

"But I thought you said we were going to spy on him," said Rachel.

"I did. But he's busy here so it's safe to check out his house," said Indy.

"Are you serious?"

Indy grinned and turned back to the road.

"I was afraid of that" Rachel said as she went after him.

Chapter 9

They hurried along North Road. “What do you think we’ll find at Charlie Franklin’s house?” Rachel asked.

Indy shrugged. “I have no idea.”

“Then what are we looking for?”

“Look, Rachel, sometimes scientists like Thomas Edison make their most important discoveries when they keep an open mind. When they’re willing to be surprised.”

“Surprised?” asked Rachel. “The way we were surprised when those rocks came down on us? Or the way we were surprised when somebody sabotaged the boat?”

Indy stopped walking.

“Where’s your sense of adventure?” he asked. “We know Charlie Franklin is still

looking for the treasure. So now we should look in his house. Maybe we'll find something that'll help *us* find the treasure."

Rachel looked at Indy and sighed.

"All right," she said.

He patted her on the shoulder.

"Good," he said. "Let's get going."

As they continued walking on North Road, Rachel glanced over her shoulder. The full moon lit the deserted road. A dog barked as they went around a bend.

"According to Mrs. Payne," Indy said, "Charlie's house should be around here."

"There!" Rachel said. She pointed to a small cabin set back from the road.

"I think you're right," said Indy.

Turning onto a path that led to the cabin, they ducked into the shadows of the maples that lined the way.

"How will we get in?" Rachel asked.

"We'll try the back door."

"Oh, sure. Maybe he left the key under the mat."

"No, but maybe he doesn't lock his door" said Indy.

Indy followed the path to the back door.

With a final look around, he gave the knob a twist. The door opened. Indy and Rachel stepped into the cabin.

Moonlight poured through the bare windows of the kitchen. A stack of dirty dishes filled the small sink. A half-eaten meal was on a plate on the table.

"I still don't know why we're doing this," Rachel whispered. "We *know* Franklin hasn't found the treasure."

"True, but maybe we'll find something—some clue that will show us where he's already looked for it. That would save us from looking in the same places."

The kitchen floor creaked under them.

"This is creepy," Rachel said.

"So is Charlie Franklin," said Indy. "Come On, Rachel."

The next room served as a sitting room and bedroom. Franklin's unmade bed was in the corner. Next to it was a closet with a ragged curtain for a door. An old table was piled with newspapers and magazines. A pair of work pants and a blue sweater were draped over a chair. Three wooden crates were stacked to make a bookcase.

"I guess this is the maids day off," Indy said.

"Let's just make it quick, okay?"

"Right. I'll check the stuff on the table. You check those crates. Maybe there's some sort of journal there," Indy suggested.

Without a word, Rachel moved over to the bookcase. Indy began looking at the papers on the table. His gaze turned to the sweater on the chair back. It was torn and spotted with dirt.

"Hey, look at this!" Indy said, pointing to the sweater. "Notice anything?"

"It's blue!" said Rachel. "Maybe Franklin was the one on the cliff, who pushed the rocks down on us."

Just then, a dog barked loudly. They looked up. Was it the same dog they had heard earlier? Was somebody coming?

Nearly frozen with fear, Rachel peeked out one of the back windows. 'It's him!' she squealed.

Indy bounded away from the table toward her. Charlie Franklin was hurrying down the path from the woods. Suddenly, a phone started ringing. They looked around.

For the first time they noticed Franklin's phone on the floor next to his bed.

"Quick," Indy whispered. He grabbed Rachel's hand and yanked her behind the curtain into the closet.

The phone kept ringing. They heard Franklin's footsteps near the side of the house—and then on the back steps. The door flew open. Franklin charged into the kitchen. Indy felt Rachel flinch as the door slammed shut.

Franklin raced over to the phone. "All right," he muttered. "Hold your horses."

Indy and Rachel peeked through a rip in the curtain as Franklin spoke.

"Yeah?...Look, I just got here....No, I ain't seen 'em. I said, I just got here myself. I ain't even had a chance to look around.... You sure you saw 'em heading this way?... Okay, okay. Don't get yourself into an uproar....I'll look....Yes, right now...."

Franklin slammed the phone down.

"Nobody tells *Charlie Franklin* what to do," he growled. "Not even you."

He sat on the edge of the bed and rubbed his hand over his beard stubble. He slid

one hand under his pillow and pulled out a pistol. Indy froze. Rachel clapped a hand over her mouth to hold back a shriek.

Franklin stood and stuck the pistol in his belt. Then he hurried outside.

Is *that* the surprise you were hoping for?" Rachel whispered.

"Not exactly," said Indy.

"Now what?"

"Now we get out of here," said Indy.

"Wait a minute. Was I the only one who saw a man with a large gun?" asked Rachel.

Indy didn't answer. He was sneaking to the window at the back of the house. Then he hurried to the window that overlooked the path they had used. Charlie Franklin was standing there. He was halfway to the road, looking for them.

"He's out front" Indy told Rachel. "All we need to do is go in the other direction."

"Oh, just run into the woods?"

"No. There's a path out there," said Indy.

"That's the same one that he takes to get to the McBride house."

"How do you know that?"

"Because the first time I saw him, he

walked down a path that went into the woods.”

“You think that’ll work?”

“Of course,” Indy said. Except he wasn’t *so* sure.

Rachel sighed and shook her head.

“Let’s just get out of here,” she said.

They crept quickly to the back door. Indy looked outside, then motioned for Rachel to follow him. They jumped down the two steps into the yard. Indy pointed to the path that led to the McBride house.

Suddenly they heard Franklin shout, “Hey, you two! Stop right there!”

“Let’s go!” Indy cried, and bolted for the path. Rachel was right behind him.

The path was well worn but narrow. Branches lashed out at Indy and Rachel as they raced away from the house.

A shot rang out. Indy didn’t turn. Rachel was okay. He could hear the steady rhythm of her footsteps right behind him.

“Stop!” Franklin yelled from far back along the path.

Knowing that Rachel could keep up with him, Indy quickened his pace.

Chapter 10

The McBride house at last! As Indy cut down the rutted drive to the road, he noticed that he no longer heard Rachel behind him. When he looked back, all he saw was the road—and no trace of Rachel.

Another shot rang out. Indy stopped, his heart thumping. Where was Rachel? Maybe she'd taken a shortcut through the woods—some path that she'd discovered on one of her other visits. Could that be it? Maybe she was already at the house. Indy could see her there, gloating that she had beaten him.

Indy turned and ran up the drive to Sea View. The night was still—too still. Had Rachel gone inside the house to wait for him?

Indy darted to the back door and quietly pulled it open. The house was silent, except for the ticking of the clock. Indy cautiously climbed the stairs. He opened the door to Rachel's room and stepped inside. The room was awash in moonlight. But the bed was empty. His heart sank.

Indy was about to leave when he heard footsteps on the stairs. He sighed in relief. Rachel must be home.

He opened the door and peeked into the hall. But to his surprise, he caught a glimpse of Morag McBride—opening the door to *his* room. Indy ducked back into Rachel's room. What was Miss McBride doing in his room?

Before Indy could come up with an answer, he heard Miss McBride coming toward Rachel's room. As the doorknob slowly began to turn, Indy hid in a shadowy corner behind a bureau. The door opened. He managed to see Morag McBride's face as her eyes scanned the room. She looked angry. Seeing no one, she closed the door.

Indy didn't move until he heard Miss McBride walk down the hallway. When the

hall was quiet, Indy came out of his hiding place. As much as Indy wanted to rush out of the house to look for Rachel, he forced himself to stay put. He wanted to give Miss McBride a chance to get settled back in bed.

Why was the woman awake? Why was she looking for him and Rachel? Had she heard them leaving? And although Indy hadn't seen her clearly in the dark hallway, something else bothered him. He had sensed that she hadn't been wearing a bathrobe and bedroom slippers. No! He was willing to bet she'd been wearing a raincoat and shoes.

Indy frowned. It was bad enough having Helen Seymour keeping tabs on him during the day. Did he now have Morag McBride watching him at night? Indy decided he couldn't worry about what she would tell Helen Seymour. He had to find Rachel.

As quietly as possible, Indy slipped down the hall and down the stairs. The grandfather clock chimed midnight. He crossed the kitchen and darted out the back door.

He kept to the side of the road as he hurried toward Charlie Franklin's house. Rachel

had to be nearby. And if Franklin was waiting for him, he'd expect Indy to come back through the woods from the McBride house. His plan just might catch Franklin off guard.

Indy hurried up the path to Franklin's cabin. He crouched in the brush near the house until a ragged cloud coasted in front of the moon. Then he ran to the side of the cabin. He waited and listened. Hearing nothing, he slowly raised his head and looked through a window. The cabin was empty. Indy sank back to the ground.

A shuffling noise startled Indy. He flattened himself against the side of the cabin, keeping a close eye on the back door. Charlie Franklin walked up the path to the back steps and entered the cabin. He was alone. Lights came on inside. Indy stayed in the darkness between two windows.

Where was Rachel? Indy remembered Franklin's gun. And the shot he'd heard. Indy's blood turned to ice. Would Charlie Franklin shoot a girl? He couldn't. But Indy needed to find out for sure.

At that moment the lights in the cabin

went out. Indy. didn't hesitate an instant. He moved quickly but quietly around the house and down the path.

As soon as Indy reached the woods, he looked back at the cabin. He half expected Charlie Franklin to be tracking him.

Indy walked down the path, looking for Rachel. Twice he thought he heard her in the woods. But it was only some animal—a skunk or a porcupine—scuttling through the underbrush. Panic gripped his stomach as he neared the McBride house. What in the world had happened to Rachel?

When Indy reached the McBride house, he paused near the front porch. He didn't know what to do. Go back down the path and look again? Return to Sea View and tell everybody that he'd lost Rachel while they were spying on Charlie Franklin? Anger surged through Indy. Maybe he should go back and force the man to tell him what he'd done with Rachel. Yes! He'd gotten Rachel into this mess; he'd get her out of it.

But before he could set off down the path to Franklin's house, Indy heard a noise. Was it a groan? It seemed to come from the

McBride house. He stood still and heard it again. It *was* a groan, and it *was* coming from the house. Bounding up the porch steps, Indy wondered if the ghost of Hannah Chase had returned.

On the porch, Indy looked through the gaps in the boarded-up windows. Rachel lay in front of the fireplace. One arm covered her eyes. He had to get her out!

Indy searched the exterior of the house. How had Charlie Franklin gotten inside? Then he saw the small opening. Franklin had pulled off a few boards that barred one of the windows. Indy crawled through, tearing his shirt on a piece of jagged wood.

"Rachel," Indy said quietly. He lifted her head into his lap.

She stirred and moaned softly. Indy saw no blood on her clothes, but he noticed that she had a lump on her forehead.

"Rachel, it's me, Indy. Can you hear me?"

Rachel's eyelids fluttered before she opened them. Slowly she focused on Indy.

"Are you okay?" Indy asked.

She closed her eyes and nodded.

"Actually," she said groggily, "I thought

I'd take a little nap while I waited for you"

Indy smiled with relief, then turned serious. "You scared me to death. I thought Franklin had shot you."

Careful not to move too quickly, Rachel sat up. She touched the bump on her head and winced.

"Did Franklin do that?" Indy asked.

"Not exactly," she admitted sheepishly.

What happened? The last time I looked, you were right behind me."

"Behind you? I was ready to pass you."

"Sure you were," Indy said. He helped Rachel to her feet.

"Well, I was. Anyway, I heard that guy crashing after us, so I turned to look. That's when I tripped. I must have hit my head hard. I don't remember much after that."

"How'd you get here?" Indy asked.

Rachel shrugged. "They must have carried me. It's all so fuzzy. Like it was happening to another person—not me."

"They? Was there somebody else?"

Rachel nodded. "But don't ask me who."

"What happened then?"

"Not much. I heard voices. One was

Franklin's. But the other one..." Rachel shook her head, then flinched at the pain. "I don't know who it was. But..."

"But what?" urged Indy.

"But the voice did sound familiar. I just can't put a face to it."

Indy helped Rachel through the opening in the front window. They walked down the driveway to the road.

"Can you remember anything they said?"

"Not really. I mean, I can remember them talking but not the words. I know that sounds weird."

"It might come back to you," said Indy.

"Maybe. I just wish I could place that other voice."

"Don't worry about it." Indy patted her on the shoulder. "I'm just glad you weren't hurt worse. Do you think you can make it back to Sea View? Do you feel strong enough?"

"Sure. Let's go."

As they walked down North Road in the moonlight, Rachel said, 'I really was ready to pass you.'

Indy smiled. "Sure you were."

Chapter 11

Indy waited all morning for Helen Seymour to corner him. He was waiting for the sound of her clipped British voice. Her perfect grammar. Any minute he expected her to say something like, "Tell me, young man, just what do you think you were doing running around at all hours of the night?"

He was sure that Mora McBride would have told Miss Seymour about the night before. But she had not. Of that, Indy was certain. Miss Seymour would not ignore the fact that he had been out of the house at midnight. If, in fact, she knew.

He had a chance to talk to Rachel. Her aunt had asked them to clean and organize the toolroom in the barn.

"You did some quick thinking at breakfast, Rachel, when they noticed that lump on your head."

"You mean when I told them I walked into the door last night?" she asked.

Yes. Everyone believed you," Indy said. "But I can't figure out why Miss McBride never told Miss Seymour that we went out."

"Maybe she did. Maybe Miss Seymour didn't want to say anything because you're leaving tomorrow."

Indy chuckled. "Right. And maybe she's sorry she didn't let me stay in Boston."

"You seem pretty sure of yourself."

"Believe me, I am. I *know* Helen Seymour has no idea what we did last night."

"Maybe we should just consider ourselves lucky," said Rachel.

"Especially you," he said with a concerned look. "How are you feeling?"

"My head still hurts a little," Rachel said. Then she grinned, "But it'll take more than a bump to stop me. So now what?"

"That's a good question," said Indy.

"I mean, what *did* we learn last night?"

"Not much," Indy told her. "Just that

Charlie Franklin hasn't found the treasure or the map. He's still looking."

"And he's working with someone," added Rachel. "Remember that phone call? Somebody saw us at the house and warned him."

"I wish I knew who that was," Indy said.

"That makes two of us, said Rachel.

"You still can't place that voice you heard?"

"No, and it's really been bothering me. It's a voice I know."

They carried out the trash from the toolroom. Then Rachel said, "So does this mean we're out of the snooping business?"

Indy shook his head. "It just means we need to get some new clues."

"How will we do that? Look in the dictionary, under 'C'?"

"No, smarty. But maybe we can look at some of your aunt's books again. Last time you only showed me books about pirates. We might find something useful in her other books. You never know...."

When they had finished their work in the toolroom, it was time for lunch. Gray clouds were moving in from the south. The

wind had picked up. Small whitecaps began to dot the harbor.

As they sat around the lunch table, Indy couldn't help but wonder again why Miss McBride had kept quiet. Maybe she felt that what they did was none of her business. Could that be it?

"Oh, Maude," Miss Seymour said, 'I can't tell you how much I'm enjoying myself."

Her friend smiled and reached for her hand. "I'm so glad. Some people find this place a little too quiet."

"Not I." said Helen Seymour. "I love this corner of Maine. The light is beautiful. And the air! I've been sleeping like a babe."

"Good," said Maude Parsons.

"Although last night I thought I heard a noise," Miss Seymour added.

Indy forced himself not to look at Rachel.

"What noise?" asked Morag McBride.

Miss Seymour finished chewing a bite of her sandwich. "I'm not quite sure." She said. "Something like doors closing."

"I didn't hear it," Mrs. Parsons said.

"Neither did I," Miss McBride said. "I slept right through the night."

Indy looked up from his sandwich. Miss McBride was calmly eating her soup. He turned to Rachel, who gave a slight shrug.

In the library after lunch, Indy was about to say something when Rachel cut in.

"I know what you're going to say."

"You do?"

"Yes. You can't figure out why Miss McBride didn't tell anybody about us."

"Well..." Indy muttered.

Look, Indy, don't push it. We got away with it. Let's be satisfied with that"

Indy sighed. "I guess."

Rachel nodded toward the books on the shelves. She said, "We have work to do."

"You're right," Indy told her. "Let's find some books about Eagle Island."

Rachel pulled four books from a shelf and handed two of them to Indy.

"We can start with these," she said.

They sat at a table and began looking through the books. When Rachel looked up from hers, she saw Indy staring out the window at the gray afternoon.

"You call that reading?" she asked with a smile.

Indy closed the large book in front of him. He stared out the window.

"You know," he said, "maybe our best clue has been staring us in the face all the time."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," Indy said, "we've read all sorts of history books. We've looked around the island. We've even searched Charlie Franklin's cabin."

"And it's all gotten us nowhere," Rachel said.

"Exactly."

"So what have we overlooked?"

"See for yourself," Indy said. He motioned to the window.

Rachel looked outside. There was Eagle Island, sitting in the harbor.

"We already looked there," she reminded Indy. "You said so yourself."

"Look again."

Rachel looked at Eagle Island again. This time she saw the clue.

"The lighthouse," she whispered.

Chapter 12

The kitchen was empty. There was no sign of Helen Seymour, Maude Parsons, or Morag McBride. Indy and Rachel walked out of the house as casually as they could. But their hearts were pounding. They didn't want anyone asking where they were going. Not after their last caper on Eagle Island.

"Where is everybody?" Indy asked.

"Maybe in the barn," Rachel said.

"Then let's get going before they spot us."

With a glance over his shoulder, Indy" dashed down the drive. Rachel was right behind him.

On the road, Rachel slowed down. Indy grabbed her arm and said, "Hurry."

"You're not going to like this," she said.

“Don’t say it” Indy cried.

“I...I had a feeling...”

“That someone was watching us?”

Rachel nodded. “Like last night. And like the other time we went out to Eagle Island.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Indy said. They turned down the road. “Let’s just get to the island before it rains.”

The wind was stronger than they had thought. Dark clouds covered the sky. Boats bobbed on the rough harbor waters.

At the dock Rachel looked out toward Eagle Island.

“You think we can make it?” Indy asked.

“Sure, but it’ll be bumpy,” she said. They yanked off the tarp that was covering the skiff. With the caulking replaced, the small boat was as good as new. “Just say a prayer that it doesn’t get any worse.”

It took them fifteen minutes to ready the boat and slide it into the water. Rachel yanked the pull cord. On the third pull, the engine roared to life. They were off.

They were silent as the boat pitched and rolled in the rough seas and strong winds. Rachel handled the tiller with authority.

Slowly they shortened the distance between them and the island. Finally, the bow of the boat eased into the sand of the beach below the lighthouse.

“Great job,” Indy said as they leaped from the skiff.

“Thanks.”

They pulled the small boat well up onto the beach. They didn’t want to get stranded on the island. Rachel wrapped the tie rope around a boulder.

Indy led the way up the same rocky path that they had climbed on their last visit. This time, however, they kept checking the top of the cliff. They wanted to make sure nobody was going to crush them with a rock slide.

When they finally made it to the top of the cliff, they looked back at the village. In the darkening afternoon, it seemed miles away. Rachel shuddered in the cold wind. Indy tapped her on the shoulder.

“Come on,” he shouted over the wind.

Rachel nodded. As they started running toward the lighthouse, large raindrops began to pour down. Remembering that the main entrance to the lighthouse was padlocked,

they headed right for the wooden staircase that wrapped around the building.

At the foot of the staircase, Indy appraised the situation. There were two landings—one halfway up and another at the top, by the lantern room. If we can get to the top landing, we might be able to get inside, he thought. “You think the stairs will hold us?” he asked.

“They don’t look too strong,” Rachel said doubtfully.

Indy shrugged. “We either use them or learn to fly in a hurry.” He began to climb.

The rickety wooden stairs had been neglected for a long time and abused by the harsh weather. Indy kept to the inside of each step, close to the lighthouse. He really wanted to hurry up the steps and get out of the wind and pelting rain. But he wasn’t sure the stairs could stand that activity.

A gust of wind shook the staircase. Indy looked for something solid to grab on to. He found nothing.

“Another great idea of yours, Indy!” Rachel yelled over the wind.

“How else are we going to check out this

place? Do you have a better plan?"

Rachel hesitated, then said, "At least we could have picked a sunny day."

"I don't have any days left," Indy replied with a grin. But another gust of wind wiped the smile from his face.

"Let's get off these stairs," he shouted. He turned back to continue the climb.

They reached the landing outside the lantern room. The staircase groaned, as if glad to be rid of their weight.

A small pane of glass near the door-knob was gone. Indy turned the knob. They stepped inside, and he shut the door. Indy and Rachel were glad to be out of the rain. They could still hear and feel the storm, but they felt safe in the lantern room.

Indy wiped the water from his face.

"Now, what was so bad about that?" he asked.

Rachel said, "I'll tell you when we're back on the ground."

Neither had been sure what they would find in the lantern room, but once there, they were disappointed. The small room was nearly bare. A faded chart of the harbor

hung on the wall. Strands of a spider web danced in the breeze. Opposite the door was a three-legged chair. The chair leaned against a small desk. Indy quickly searched the drawers. He even looked for false bottoms, but he found nothing.

"This place looks cleaned out," Indy said.

"Well, it *has* been years since anybody's been here."

Rachel opened a tall narrow cabinet, but found only a broom and a coil of thick rope. She grabbed the broom and said, "Hey, maybe we can use this to fly out of here."

"Very funny," Indy said. He was in no mood for jokes. He had hoped that there would be *something* in the lighthouse.

Rachel looked out the window and said, "We'd better get going before the storm gets much worse."

Indy looked around the room one last time.

"I guess you're right," he said.

Rachel grabbed the doorknob and turned it. The wind flung the door inward. Rain blew into their faces.

"Remind me not to listen to you next

time,” Rachel said as she stepped onto the landing outside the lantern room.

Slowly Rachel and Indy picked their way down the stairs. Partway down, they noticed that a step had been blown off by the wind. When Rachel saw the missing step she looked back at Indy. He nodded encouragingly to her, and she continued.

At the second landing, Rachel stopped.

“I’m scared,” she said.

“That makes two of us,” Indy assured her. “But we’re halfway there.”

Rachel looked down at the rest of the stairs. More of the steps were missing. She took a deep breath and kept going.

With his heart pounding, Indy waited on the landing until Rachel had gone beyond the missing steps. He didn’t think that the stairs could take the weight of two people.

He was about to follow Rachel when he heard a crunching sound. Then he heard Rachel scream. The staircase had pulled away from the side of the lighthouse. It dangled wildly in the storm. And hanging on to one of the steps was Rachel!

Chapter 13

Indy's first impulse was to race down the dangling staircase and rescue Rachel. She was hanging twenty-five feet from the rocky ground. But he knew that one step on the already fragile structure would send it crashing to the ground. Besides, getting to Rachel would not help. They'd still have to climb back up to safety.

"Indy!" Rachel's voice sounded small and far away in the storm.

He shouted, "Don't worry! I'll get you."

As quickly as he dared, Indy climbed the steps to the lantern room. He yanked open the cabinet door and grabbed the coil of rope that Rachel had found earlier. Quickly, he inspected it. Good and strong,

he decided. Indy tied a slipknot at one end and checked it. The knot moved smoothly.

Then Indy stepped outside the lantern room onto the narrow catwalk that went around the building. An iron railing and his steady footing were all that prevented him from falling to his death. Gripping the railing tightly, he sidestepped along the catwalk until he was directly over the spot where Rachel was desperately clutching the step. As he tied one end of the rope to the iron railing, he prayed that it was long enough to reach his friend.

When the knot was tied securely, he let the rest of the rope drop. Then he swiftly climbed down to the landing. The rope was long enough! The slipknot had landed about five feet beyond Rachel. Finally, Indy said to himself, some luck.

"You almost hit me with that rope!" Rachel yelled when the wind let up.

"Pardon me for trying to rescue you."

"Just get me out of here. I can't hang on much longer!"

"Okay. Grab the rope. Slip the knot under your arms"

He watched as Rachel tried to grab the rope. It was just beyond her reach. Holding on to the staircase with one arm, she tried again. She couldn't reach it.

"Hold on!" Indy shouted.

He scampered back up to the catwalk. There, he slid the rope along the railing until he thought the other end would be within Rachel's reach. He looked down. The knot had landed on the sill of a small window halfway up the side of the lighthouse. Indy wiggled the rope until it fell toward Rachel.

By the time he reached the landing again, Rachel had grabbed the rope and slipped it under her arms.

"Now what, genius?" she called. Her voice was tired.

Before Indy could answer, he heard a loud tearing sound. Another part of the staircase Rachel was holding on to slowly began to break loose from the landing.

Rachel screamed.

"Let go of the stairs!" Indy yelled to her.

"I can't!"

"Let go, Rachel! The rope will hold you."

Rachel clamped her eyes closed and let go. Then she opened her eyes again. Suspended by the thick rope, she watched in terror. As if in slow motion, the section of stairs pulled loose from the landing and crashed to the ground. Rachel, eyes shut again, rested against the lighthouse. The rope had held.

In the lull of the storm, neither Indy nor Rachel said a word. The rain poured down on them. Rachel shivered.

"Get me out of here!" she cried.

"I can see you're getting tired of hanging around," Indy said. But his attempt at a joke wasn't funny.

"Indy!" Rachel shouted.

"Okay, okay," he said, serious again.

Indy gazed at the rope that hung from the catwalk. Rachel looked, too, and said, "Sorry, Indy, but I can't climb way up there."

"That's okay. I'll think of something else."

"Just hurry!" she cried. The wind began to pick up again.

Indy knew there was nothing more he could do for Rachel on the stairs. There had to be another way to help her. Suddenly, he

heard the groan of tearing wood. Rachel heard it, too.

“Indy!” she screamed.

But Indy didn’t need to be warned. He recognized that sound. The landing was falling out from under him!

Thinking quickly, Indy leaped onto the catwalk. Seconds later, he heard a crash below. Half of the landing and one section of the staircase still remained attached to the lighthouse. But Indy knew they were too weak to support any weight.

Indy leaned against the railing, but backed away when he felt it give a little. The place was so old that everything was falling apart. Then Indy remembered the small window in the side of the lighthouse.

“Rachel!” he shouted. “Can you hear me?”

“I can hear you, she replied. “But hurry! My arms are getting tired.”

“I can’t pull you all the way up here. But can you see that window? It’s about ten feet above your head.”

Rachel pushed herself away from the wall with her feet.

"I see it," she called.

Good. I'll pull you up to that window. I want you to kick it in."

"Kick in the window?" shouted Rachel.

"You can do it. You *have* to do it. It's our only chance. The staircase is gone, so we can't go down that way."

"But..."

Indy ignored her and continued. "Once you've done that, I'll come down the rope and climb through. When we're inside, we'll look around. Maybe there's an inside staircase to the bottom of the lighthouse."

Indy heard Rachel mumbling, but he couldn't tell what she was saying. He leaned against the outside of the lighthouse and began pulling the rope.

"Tell me when you're at the window," he shouted.

Hand over hand, Indy pulled the rope. Slowly, a small coil of rope began to build at his side. He heard Rachel yell, "Stop!" and he held the rope steady.

Indy was leaning away from the railing. He couldn't see what Rachel was doing. But he heard her kicking at the window.

"It won't break," she called to him.

"Sure it will. Kick it with all you've got."

The next thing Indy heard was shattering glass and splintering wood.

"I made it!" Rachel shouted.

"I knew you could do it."

"Your turn."

"Okay. I'm coming."

Indy tugged on the knot. It would hold, he decided. It *had* to hold.

He ducked under the railing. Then he grabbed the rope with both hands. He looked down and saw Rachel's head sticking out of the window. Then he began lowering himself.

Indy tried not to think about what would happen if the knot untied. He tried not to think of the jagged rocks below. He tried not to think about how slippery the rope was getting in the rain. Instead, he pictured the window. And he pictured Rachel ready to help him through it. If you take your time, he told himself, you'll make it.

That was when the first railing support broke. The rope jerked and Indy dropped several feet. At first he was surprised. Then

he remembered how weak the railing was.

He tried not to panic. He was too close to safety for that. He could hear Rachel's voice.

"You're almost here," she said.

Then another support broke. Again, he dropped several feet.

"Your feet are at the top of the window," Rachel told him. "Come down a little more."

Indy knew that if he moved too fast, another support would pop. He inched down the rope. Then he felt Rachel holding his ankles.

"Are you waiting for an engraved invitation?" she asked. "Keep coming."

"I'm warning you," Indy said between gritted teeth.

"Come on, Indy. You can do it," Rachel said encouragingly.

Carefully, carefully, Indy slid down the last two feet to the edge of the window sill. He let go of the rope only after he felt Rachel pulling him into the lighthouse.

His arms were barely inside when the rest of the railing broke loose. It rocketed past the window and crashed to the ground.

Chapter 14

Indy and Rachel sat with their backs against the wall, catching their breath. The rain blew through the smashed window. Indy wiped a hand across his wet face.

“That was a close one,” Rachel said.

“You’re telling me,” Indy replied.

He stood and looked around the room. In the dim light from the window, he could see a workbench along the back wall.

“I guess this must have been some sort of workroom, he said.

“I hope there’s some way to get out of here besides the window,” said Rachel.

“Let’s find out.”

On a shelf above the workbench Indy noticed a small hurricane lamp. He put it

on the bench and unscrewed its top. Then he looked into the oil well.

"Now we need some matches," he said.

They anxiously pawed through the four drawers in the bench. Then Rachel cried out in triumph and pulled out a small, old box of matches and two white candle stubs.

"Our luck is changing," Indy told her.

With much effort, he scratched one match to life and held it to the hurricane lamp's wick. They hold their breath as the wick slowly caught fire. A soft, wavering light filled the room.

Rachel shoved the candles in her jacket pocket while Indy slowly walked around the room with the lamp.

"Look at that," Rachel said, pointing to a ladder attached to the wall.

"It must go to the lantern room."

"I didn't notice any door. Did you?"

Indy shook his head, squinting up at the ceiling.

"It looks like a trapdoor," he said.

"We must have missed it" said Rachel.

"You're right, but I'll bet..."

Indy left his sentence unfinished and

began carefully inspecting the floor of the workroom.

“Just as I thought,” he said.

He pointed to a trapdoor in the corner of the room.

They both hurried over to it. Indy handed Rachel the lamp. He grabbed a rusty iron ring in the door and pulled. The trapdoor groaned as it swung open. Rachel held the lamp over the opening.

“Another ladder,” she said.

“It must go to the base of the lighthouse,” Indy said.

“And that could be our way out of here.”

“Right. You want to go first?” Indy asked.

Rachel peered into the hole at the dark room below.

“Sure,” she said. “Though, to tell you the truth, I’ve seen enough steps for one day.”

“Don’t worry,” said Indy. “I’ll be right behind you with the lamp.”

Despite its age, the ladder was in good shape.

When they were both on the solid floor, Rachel said, “That was a lot easier than our last climb.”

"Duller, too," Indy teased.

They looked around the room. Two small windows high above their heads let in some light. They spotted the large door at the same time and ran over to it. Indy rattled the knob.

"It's locked," Rachel said. "This is the door we saw with the huge padlock on it."

"Right," Indy said. He examined the door in the lamplight. The hinges were on the outside.

"Now what?" Rachel asked.

"Let's look around. Maybe we'll find a way out," Indy said.

The room was a storeroom for the lighthouse. More lamps were heaped in one corner. A pair of oars and several life jackets were in a small boat near the door. When Rachel leaned against the boat, it rocked to one side. As she jumped back, she noticed a trapdoor under the boat.

Indy and Rachel looked at each other with wide eyes.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Indy asked.

"Treasure?"

Indy nodded. "Treasure."

They moved the boat for a better look at the trapdoor.

"It's locked," Rachel said, shaking a rusty padlock.

"Let me get some tools from the workroom. Maybe we can get it open."

Indy came back with a crowbar and hammer. But before he could get to work, they heard somebody yelling. The voice came from outside the lighthouse.

"Hello! Hello!" the person shouted.

Indy and Rachel heard the padlock rattling on the other side of the door. Suddenly the door flew open in a gust of wind. A tall figure in a yellow slicker and hat rushed in and slammed the door. In the lamplight they saw Morag McBride.

"Thank goodness you're all right," she said. She wiped at her wet face with a huge hand. "Maude was worried when the weather started turning bad and you were nowhere to be found. When I checked the harbor and saw the boat was gone, I knew you'd come back out here. So I borrowed Charlie's outboard and came looking for

you.” Taking a deep breath, she continued, “I was scared to death when I saw the ruined staircase.”

“How’d you get in?” Rachel asked.

Miss McBride waved a large ring of tarnished keys.

“My ‘inheritance.’ My father was the keeper, remember?”

When Indy saw the keys, he had an idea.

“Maybe we won’t need these,” he said, putting down the tools. “Do you have a key for that trapdoor? It’s padlocked.”

“A trapdoor? One of these might work,” Miss McBride said. “But I should get you two back to Sea View,” she quickly added.

But Indy hardly heard her. He took the key ring from her hand. After trying four keys, Indy found one that fit the lock. He pulled open the trapdoor.

Indy looked at the others.

“Are you ladies coming with me?”

“Yes,” Miss McBride said anxiously.

Rachel nodded. “You bet.”

Indy held the burning lamp. Rachel and Morag McBride followed him down the stone steps into the small, dark cellar.

Chapter 15

Indy turned up the flame of the lamp as they took a few steps into the damp cellar. They stopped when they saw the skeleton. Rachel gasped and grabbed Indy's sleeve.

Indy inched closer. The skeleton was stretched out on its side, as if it were sleeping. The bones seemed to move in the flickering lamplight. A tattered accordion was near the body. Indy bent over the skeleton and found a tattered hat and a gold hoop earring.

Standing, he faced the others and held out the earring. The storm howled outside. Nobody said a word.

Finally Indy said, 'I think we've found Ezra Chase.'

It can't be," Morag McBride said sharply. Indy looked at Rachel. She trembled.

"It's him," Rachel said softly. She pointed to the earring in Indy's hand. "He wore an earring like that one."

"And the accordion," Indy said. "He used to play the accordion."

"You're right," Miss McBride said dreamily. It was as if she suddenly remembered the man who had lived with her family so many years ago.

Indy bent over the skeleton again. He slowly unfolded a piece of heavy paper that had been in the man's hat. In the lamplight he studied the paper. Finally, he straightened up and turned toward the others.

"This looks like a map," he said.

"So, Ezra Chase *did* have a map for the treasure," Rachel cried.

"Right. Now just hand it over to me."

Morag McBride snarled. To Indy and Rachel's amazement, she was holding the crowbar like a weapon.

Before Indy could protest, she snatched the map from him with her free hand.

“You won’t find the treasure,” Indy said. “Ezra Chase never did.”

“I think you’re wrong,” Miss McBride told him. “I’ll bet he *did* find the treasure. He just never had the chance to dig it up.”

She quickly shoved the map into the pocket of her slicker.

“Thanks for your help,” she said. “Of course, you realize how much I need this money. My house is a wreck. I can’t sell it. And Father never shared a penny of his money with me. Not a penny! Even after I took care of him.” She waved the crowbar threateningly toward Indy and Rachel. “Now the treasure is all mine.”

“We’ll help you find it,” Indy said, taking a step toward her.

“Get back!” Miss McBride barked. “I don’t want to hurt either of you. But there’ll be only *one* person on this treasure hunt.”

“What about Charlie Franklin?” Indy asked. “He is your partner, isn’t he?”

Rachel and Miss McBride looked at Indy.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Miss McBride said.

"Sure you do," Indy said, matching her glare. "I finally put the pieces together."

"What pieces?" Rachel asked.

"The biggest piece," Indy said. "Why Miss McBride never told anybody that we were out last night."

At that Morag McBride gave a start.

"That's right," Indy said. "I saw you sneaking around the house last night. I thought maybe you'd heard some noise and were investigating. But then you didn't tell anybody. That puzzled me. Now I understand. Of *course* you didn't tell anybody. You didn't want anybody to know that *you* went for a little stroll yourself last night."

Rachel looked from Miss McBride to Indy and said, "You mean, she..."

"Exactly. She was watching us last night. She's been watching us all along."

Rachel said, "So when the phone rang at Franklin's cabin, it was Miss McBride warning him about us."

"Right. It was her voice you heard after you tripped. She and Franklin carried you back to the house and—"

"Enough!" Morag McBride snapped, wav-

ing the crowbar. "Give me that lamp."

Indy handed it to her.

"You're leaving us here?" Rachel cried.

"My, you are a clever girl," Miss McBride said. "You're just as bright as your aunt Maude always claimed."

Brandishing the crowbar, she sneered at them and climbed out of the cellar. They heard the rattle of her keys as she padlocked the trapdoor behind her. And then there was nothing but the roar of the storm.

Indy reached into his pocket. He dug out the matches and lit one.

"Here," Rachel said. She handed Indy the two stubby candles from the workroom.

"Good thinking," Indy said. He lit the candles.

"So, how do we get out of here?" Rachel asked. Her voice was low and shaky.

"I'm thinking. I'm thinking," said Indy. "There doesn't seem to be a way."

Suddenly, a bright light filled the cellar. A lone sad note from an accordion seemed to echo. Rachel took a step closer to Indy. And then Hannah Chase appeared. Very slowly, she walked over to her father's bones. Indy

and Rachel watched as the ghost sank to her knees and moaned for her father. Finally, she turned toward them.

You have helped me," she said quietly. "Now let me help you."

At those words, the trapdoor blew open. A rush of cold, fresh air swept into the cellar. The outer door stood open, too.

Rachel rushed up the stairs. But Indy lingered. He watched the ghost of Hannah Chase return to her father's side. She rested her hand on the arm of the skeleton.

"Oh, how I've missed you, Father," the ghost said. "I could not rest until I knew what happened to you. Now I am at peace. We can finally be together."

Indy watched in amazement as the ghost of Hannah Chase slowly faded away.

When he got outside, Indy found Rachel waiting in the storm.

"I can't believe that Miss McBride was in on this the whole time," she told Indy. "Now she's going to get the treasure."

"Not necessarily," he said.

"What are you talking about?"

"I got a quick look at that map before she

grabbed it. Maybe we can beat her to the treasure."

"Do you remember anything on the map?" Rachel asked.

"Not really. There were these strange symbols..." Indy suddenly brightened. "And the cliffs on the other side of the island!"

"What are we waiting for? Let's go."

Indy raced off toward the cliffs with Rachel close behind him. They ran along the path, slowing down now and then when it became hard to see where they were going.

Trying to keep up with Indy, Rachel stepped on a rock that suddenly gave way. "Indy!" she screamed. The edge of the cliff began to fall away beneath her. In a flash, Indy leaped back to her. He grabbed her wrist right before she tumbled off the cliff. As the rain poured down on them, Indy dragged Rachel to safety.

"Do you want to keep going?" Indy asked.

Rachel swallowed and nodded. Climbing back onto the path, they continued their race for the treasure—until they heard a voice crying out for help.

"Did you hear that?" Indy asked.

"I think it's down there," Rachel said, pointing to a wide crack between the rocks.

And there, hanging onto a small ledge, begging to be saved, was Morag McBride. Indy jumped down to a rock overlooking the ledge.

"Take my hand," Indy shouted to her.

After a moment's hesitation, Miss McBride grabbed his hand. Indy's grip steadied her enough so that she could climb back up.

"I slipped," she said with a sob.

"You're okay now," Indy told her.

"Oh no!" she cried, searching her pockets wildly. "The map. I can't find the map!"

"It's down there," Rachel said, pointing to the ledge where she had been trapped.

"I have to get it!" she yelled.

"You can't go back down there," Indy warned her. "Let me go. I'll get it."

"Never!" Miss McBride shouted. Her face was wild and twisted into a hawklike mask. "The map is mine."

Before Indy could stop her, she jumped down to the ledge.

"It's mine!" she cried, and reached for the map.

Her hand was nearly on it when a gust of wind carried it out of her reach. She grabbed for it, stretching farther and farther. Then Morag McBride lost her footing. for a moment she seemed to be suspended in the air, with a startled look on her face. Then she plunged into the pounding surf.

Indy and Rachel kept shouting her name into the raging storm. There was no reply, only the relentless whack of the waves.

"What are we going to do?" Rachel asked.

"I have to get that map," Indy said.

"No, Indy! Let it go."

Indy shook his head. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the map. It was caught on another rock ledge, waving like a flag.

"I have to try," he told her.

Rachel looked down at the rocks.

"Just be careful," she warned him.

Indy nodded solemnly and began to climb down. Rachel held her breath as Indy made his way slowly to the ledge.

The map was almost within his grasp. But a blast of wind carried it off. Indy and Rachel watched the paper until it vanished into the sea.

Chapter 16

The next few hours were a blur for Indy and Rachel. They headed back to the lighthouse and ran into the sheriff, Walter Brookfield, and two other men. Maude Parsons had called him when Miss McBride hadn't returned. The sheriff's questions led him to the historical society and then to Eagle Island.

It was nearly dark when the sheriff brought Indy and Rachel back to Sea View. When he told Mrs. Parsons what had happened, she burst into tears and ran out of the room. Miss Seymour followed to comfort her friend.

Indy and Rachel told Sheriff Brookfield the whole story, from Indy's first encounter with

Charlie Franklin to Miss McBride's theft of the map. The sheriff listened carefully, occasionally scribbling on a small pad.

"And you lost the map?" he asked.

They nodded.

"The wind blew it away," Indy said.

Sheriff Brookfield shook his head. "You two are lucky to be alive," he said.

And that thought stayed with Indy and Rachel through the night. Neither of them slept well, and both were glad to see the light of day. Morning brought a bright blue sky dotted with small white clouds. The storm had ended. The sea was calm.

"Are you sure you have to go back to Boston this afternoon?" Rachel asked when the two sat alone at breakfast.

"Miss Seymour might stay on," Indy said. "You know, to help your aunt. But I have to get back to Boston. My father's meeting at Harvard is finished, and we're going home."

Rachel took a bite of toast, then asked, "What shall we do on your last day here?"

Indy looked across the harbor at Eagle Island and said, "I'd like to make one more trip out there."

“Still think you’re going to find that treasure?” asked Rachel.

“Not without that map. But since I’m leaving this afternoon, I’d just like to go out there one last time.

“I know what you mean,” Rachel said. “It is sort of a special place.”

On the trip to Eagle Island, Rachel kept the throttle low so they could enjoy the calm seas. Neither said a word until the skiff hit the beach. They climbed the rocky cliff and started toward the lighthouse.

“Even after all she did, I’m sorry about Miss McBride,” Indy said.

“So am I, said Rachel.

“She really felt cheated by her father.”

“And she must have been desperate for the money.”

“It’s too bad things had to turn out the way they did for her”

As they approached the lighthouse, they saw the broken staircase. It was just a pile of rubble on the ground.

“Do you remember anything on the map?” asked Rachel.

"I could tell it was Eagle Island," Indy said. "But I couldn't read the symbols."

Rachel stopped. "What kind of symbols?"

Indy shrugged.

"Weird symbols," he said.

"Could you draw them?"

"I guess."

Rachel found a stick and handed it over.

"Go to it," she said.

Indy crouched down and drew.



"Does any of it make sense?" he asked.

Rachel beamed. "Make sense!" she cried.

"Indy, you may have solved the mystery."

"With those?" he said, pointing to the symbols he had scratched into the dirt.

Rachel nodded quickly.

"I'll bet that box with an X is the starting point. Maybe it's some sort of odd rock formation. Pirates used to use symbols like these in their maps. That turtle shows the direction to the treasure. The triangle is a

group of rocks. Or maybe trees." Excitement rose in her voice. "And this last thing is the pirate symbol for a cave!"

"Where?" Indy asked, looking around. "Where is the cave?"

"First we have to find the other markers on the map."

"How do we do that?"

Rachel looked around. "Follow me!"

She started running toward the lighthouse. Indy was on her heels.

"I *knew* the treasure was here!" Indy shouted as he ran with her. "But I thought you said it was in a cave."

"No, Indy. The treasure isn't here."

"But—"

"The lighthouse is on the highest point on the island," Rachel said.

"So?"

"There!"

Rachel pointed to a flat rock nearly as large as their skiff, about a hundred feet away. Before Indy could say anything, she was off again. He ran after her.

Rachel and Indy climbed onto the rock.

"What are we looking for?" he asked.

"That!" cried Rachel. She pointed to three old pine trees not too far from the rock. "Those trees are the triangle you saw on the map. Come on."

When they got to the trees, Indy and Rachel looked back at the flat rock.

"So," he said, "all we need to do is line up that rock with this triangle. That should lead us to the cave, right?"

"Right."

Indy looked out through the triangle of trees. "That leads to the cliffs," he said.

"Then the cave must be in the cliffs."

"What are we waiting for?" Indy asked.

They started running toward the cliffs.

Together, Rachel and Indy worked their way down the rocky slope. By the time they were halfway down, they had found a number of dark crevices in the rocks, but no cave.

"It's got to be here," Rachel said.

"We'll find it."

When they were about fifteen feet from the water, they found the opening of a cave.

"Maybe that's it!" Rachel shrieked.

The cave was about four feet wide and

barely high enough for them to stand up in. They walked slowly into it until the light dwindled.

"Wait," Rachel said. "I think I still have those matches and the candles in my pocket."

With a triumphant smile, she pulled the objects from her jacket pocket.

"You're a genius," Indy said.

"You're just realizing that?" teased Rachel.

In the faint candlelight, they slowly walked deeper into the cave.

"How much farther do you think we need to go?" Rachel asked softly.

Indy tripped over something. The candle fell from his fingers.

"Not much farther," he mumbled.

Rachel lowered her candle. Indy had fallen over a chest as big as a steamer trunk. The chest was covered with worn brown leather. Copper bands ran around it. A black metal handle was attached to each end.

With shaking hands, they lifted the lid. Gold coins filled the chest and glowed in the soft light. The young adventurers whooped with joy and hugged each other.

Chapter 17

Later that afternoon, Sheriff Brookfield returned to Sea View. Indy and Rachel gladly explained how they had found the pirates' loot. Maude Parsons and Helen Seymour were somber. Morag McBride's hideous death was a terrible shock. The full horror of it was just beginning to sink in.

"I'm holding the chest until an archeologist from the museum can look it over," the sheriff explained.

"When will that be?" Indy asked.

"Hard to say. Probably within a week." He shifted in his chair and looked at Maude Parsons. "Maude, I arrested Charlie Franklin. He told me about your friend. And I..."

Maude's eyes were still red and puffy.

"It's all right, Walter," she said. "Go on."

"It seems," the sheriff continued, "that he'd been hunting that treasure for years. He finally convinced Miss McBride that Owen had hidden it somewhere. Miss McBride was desperate for money. Seems she'd lost her life savings when her bank in Concord failed. When the two kids started nosing around, she and Charlie made a deal. He was going to lie low and watch Indy and Rachel—who might lead him to the treasure. When he thought they were getting too close..." He shook his head sadly. "Turns out he was right."

"Miss McBride thought that Ezra Chase had found the treasure," Rachel said.

The sheriff nodded. "I think he did. He'd done a lot of treasure hunting. And he was on Eagle Island. He probably didn't trust McBride, and was waiting for the right time to get the loot off the island."

"So what happened?" Indy asked.

"I can only guess. Maybe one day when he and Owen were at the lighthouse, they got into an argument. They probably had a fight. Maybe Chase hit his head." He

shrugged. "Who knows. Anyway I doubt that McBride killed him on purpose. He would have figured that he'd never get the map with Chase dead. He didn't know where Chase kept the fool thing.

"Since McBride was such a churchgoing man, I suspect he was overcome by guilt. He couldn't bear the thought of Ezra Chase's blood on his hands. That's why he quit the lighthouse job. He couldn't bring himself to search the body for the map. And he couldn't let anyone in the lighthouse because they might have found Chase's body."

"What about the money he said he had inherited?" Indy asked.

"As far as we can tell, he was just living on money that he had hoarded all those years.

"There's one more thing," he said. "The church elders are planning to give Ezra Chase a proper burial—next to Hannah."

Indy and Rachel smiled at each other.

"As it should be," Maude Parsons said.

When Sheriff Brookfield left, Mrs. Parsons and Miss Seymour went for a quiet walk in the garden. Miss Seymour had

decided to stay a while longer. But Indy was leaving shortly for the train station.

Indy and Rachel walked out the front door and sat on the steps. They looked out at Eagle Island.

"We had quite a time, didn't we?" Rachel said.

Indy said, "I'll say."

"I have something for you," Rachel said.

Indy turned to her. "Me, too."

Each young adventurer opened a fist and laughed. In each palm was a gold coin from the treasure chest.

"The sheriff said—" Indy started to say.

But Rachel took the words right out of his mouth: "—I could take one coin."

Indy and Rachel swapped coins. Clutching their part of the treasure, they were quiet.

Finally Indy said, "Maybe we'll see each other again someday."

"That would be good."

They sat on the porch steps, watching the late sun. It was as round and as bright as a gold coin.

HISTORICAL NOTE

Piracy has a long and colorful history that dates back to ancient times. Sailing under an ominous, blood-red or black-and-white flag, pirates attacked and robbed ships from any country. They stole money, jewels, and cargo. Sometimes, the sea bandits invaded coastal villages and took prisoners.

By the 1500s, piracy had become a major international problem. In the Caribbean, pirates attacked Spanish galleons carrying gold and silver from mines in Mexico and Peru. The Mediterranean Sea was home to the famous Barbary Coast pirates, Muslims who raided Christian ships. No vessel or waterway was safe from the ruthless outlaws.

In 1550, piracy became even more rampant—and partly legal! At that time, England and Spain were fighting for control of the Americas. England's Queen Elizabeth I ordered "sea dogs" to attack and raid Spanish supply ships. Two of the most well known sea dogs were Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake.

Soon other countries began to hire privateers, pirates like sea dogs. A privateer sailed in a privately owned, heavily armed ship. His job was to start sea battles and raid enemy vessels. Like sea dogs, privateers were protected by the government they worked for!

Captain William Kidd was a famous privateer who later became a pirate. King William III of England hired him to capture the pirates who were stealing goods from English ships. But Captain Kidd didn't follow orders. Instead, he became friends with the pirates and looted other ships for treasure! Eventually, Captain Kidd was captured and hanged. Although most believe that pirates spent their loot, some think that Captain Kidd buried his treasure on the

many islands between Jamaica and Nova Scotia.

During the 1600s, many more pirates invaded the Caribbean. They ambushed Spanish ships and towns and soon widened their attacks to include ships of any nation. These pirates became known as buccaneers. It was not long before piracy spread to North America and up the Atlantic coast.

There are many reasons why people became pirates. Some wanted to escape poverty or were already criminals on land. Because England had strict trade laws, some became pirates in order to smuggle goods. International laws against pirates were weak. Many pirates thought they would never be caught.

Although most pirates were men, there were a few female pirates. Two of the most famous female sea raiders were Anne Bonny and Mary Read. Anne Bonny grew up and got married in South Carolina. But she fell in love with another man, a pirate, "Calico Jack" Rackham. She left her husband to join "Calico Jack" in piracy. Mary Read was raised as a boy and ran away to sea at an

early age. When her ship was captured by Rackham and Bonny, Mary Read became a pirate, too.

By law, all pirates—whether male or female—were to be killed when caught. But because Bonny and Read were both pregnant at the time of their capture, their executions were postponed until after they had given birth. But neither woman was killed for piracy! Some important Jamaican planters knew Anne Bonny's father and got her released; it is believed that she returned to South Carolina. Mary Read died of fever in prison.

Today, pirates have nearly vanished from the high seas. Strict laws enforced by powerful navies have cleared the waterways for safe travel. But pirates have made their mark on history. The reckless sea bandits still live on in books, plays, and legends.

TO FIND OUT MORE...

Pirates of the Spanish Main, narrative by Hamilton Cochran. Published by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc., 1961. Want to know even more about pirates? Packed with color illustrations and maps, this fascinating book tells all: pirate history, lore, and true stories, including in-depth chapters on the infamous Captain Kidd, Blackbeard, Anne Bonny, and "Calico Jack" Rackham. Reading list, index.

Seafaring Women by Linda Grant De Pauw. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., 1982. Read about some of the toughest female sailors in history. This collection includes little-known facts and firsthand accounts of female warriors, whalers, traders, and pirates (including Anne Bonny and Mary Read). Reading list, index.

Gold and Silver, Silver and Gold: Tales of Hidden Treasure by Alvin Schwartz. Published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1988. Black-and-white illustrations.

How to Hunt Buried Treasure by James M. Deem. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., 1992. Black-and-white illustrations, reading list, index.

Indy's not the only kid who has found hidden treasure! These great books feature true treasure-hunting stories from around the world. Both highlight treasures that have been found, found and lost, or are still missing. *How to Hunt Buried Treasure* is an especially fun read for learning how to track down undiscovered loot—even in your own backyard.

Lighthouses by Arthur Smith. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., 1971. Indy and Rachel could have used this book on Eagle Island! Two-color illustrations and a lively text explain how a lighthouse is built, how it works, what kind of lantern is used, and how sailors interpret its signals. Includes information on over 30 American lighthouses.

America the Beautiful: Maine by Ty Harrington. Published by Childrens Press, Inc., 1989. Learn about Maine's historic lighthouses and the real Eagle Island in this beautiful book. Maine's history, geography, industry, and culture are also covered. Color photos and drawings, maps, timeline, index.

Boat (Eyewitness Books) by Eric Kentley. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1992. Merchant ships, pirate galleys, and many other kinds of boats are showcased in this exciting volume. Hundreds of color photographs and drawings, index.

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